

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

161

## This Cable-Stitch is for you E.R.S. James Wilkinson



YOUR wife, Megan, looked very well indeed, Jim, when we visited her at 3 Beatrice Terrace, Torpoint—she was just engrossed in a new cable-stitch jumper, and in so far as it looked about twice her size, we guessed right at the first time for whom it was intended. You, of course—and you're lucky, because it's swell!

Megan asked us to tell you how pleased she is about her new job. You know that your wife is the only W.R.N.S. Engineers' Writer. And, apart from this unique honour, her pay has increased. She laughed when she told us this, and said, "What! More income tax!"

Your wife, Jim, spent ten days with your parents at Cherry Tree, Blackburn. All are in the pink!

Your "in-laws" were on leave at Torquay when we arrived at Beatrice Terrace, but Megan sends you their love.

By the way, Jim, take care of your "dartsability"; your wife threw two double 20s and hit the bull once when we challenged her to 301. Did she whitewash us at this ancient game! She sends you a special message: "Watch out for your championship!"

## NERO—HISTORY'S SPEEDIEST HOG

IN the Sporting Club at the Hague, Holland, there hangs an oil painting of Nero—the only pig that ever raced a horse. It was in 1800 when a young blood of those days tired out all the members of the Sporting Club by bragging about a trotting horse he owned.

The President of the Club got so bored that he challenged the young horse owner. "I'll bet you 1,000 guineas," said he, "that my pig, Nero, will beat your horse—under certain conditions."

The bet was at once accepted; the terms were that the race should be over a straight course of six miles, and that the horse should carry two jockeys instead of one.

The race was fixed for one in the afternoon a fortnight ahead, and the President at once started to put Nero into training.

### NERO'S TRAINING.

On the first day Nero was starved, and on the second day, at one o'clock exactly, his owner fastened him with a rope and kicked and dragged him down the course to the winning-post, where Nero was given two herrings.

For six days this training was continued. By the end

of a week, with all his superfluous fat worked off him, Nero was waiting eagerly for one o'clock.

That day he outpaced his master.

He was then starved for 24 hours—and the next day he was running alongside a horse to his herring dinner awaiting him six miles off.

Both exercise and sparse diet were strictly adhered to, and on the thirteenth day Nero was again starved.

### THE HERRING STAKES.

On the day of the race, horse and pig lined up at the starting-post. Nero had to be held back by three strong men. The straight course of six miles, starter lowered his flag, and and that the horse should carry two jockeys instead of one.

Over the first mile, the trotting horse, with two jockeys up, easily took the lead. But inside three miles the horse slackened, and up came Nero, slim, grunting, ravenous, and trained to the last bristle.

After four miles Nero began to sprint—and reached the winning-post (and a pail of herrings) five furlongs ahead of the horse.

Out of the 1,000-guinea purse, Nero's master had the pig's portrait painted in honour of the fastest runner on four trotters yet seen.

# W. H. Millier Talks of THE GOLDEN GUTTER AGE OF BOXING

HEAVY-WEIGHTS are the most fortunate of the boxing stars; they always command bigger purses than the smaller men. In most instances they attract a larger crowd, and on that basis it can be argued that they are entitled to all they can draw.

All the same, it is very rare to find high skill displayed by the big fellows, and when you do it usually means that they are exceptional champions.

Leaving out the exceptional champions for the moment, it can be said that if you wish to see really skilful boxing you have to go to the men in the lighter divisions. This means that the saying, "Brawn and brains are seldom found together" is not altogether inaccurate as exemplified in the ring.

The number of people who can genuinely appreciate the finer points of scientific boxing is certainly much smaller than the huge crowd that will be sure to pay big money to see a couple of lumbering giants swipe each other out of the ring. This is one of the constant moans of your genuine enthusiast.

When searching through a mass of ancient notes and scribbles to find some data, I came across an old letter from Charlie Lucas, manager of many famous Australian boxers.

### DEPRESSION DIDN'T COUNT

It was written in 1933, at the time of the world slump. Sport being classed in the category of luxury trades, boxing suffered as much as any other profession, but not, according to Lucas, in Australia. He wrote: "There was no country in the world hit harder than Australia by the great depression, yet, in spite of this truth, whenever a real fight was put on, it drew a record crowd. The reason? Let us go back to the Burns-Johnson fight.

"You will remember that Hugh D. McIntosh outbid the world for this fight with a £7,000 purse, which was at that time a record. It was one that made many people wonder whether McIntosh was right in the head. The success of this fight set promoters alight. In this they made the discovery that heavy-weights were the guys to draw in the shekels at the box-office. From the day of that discovery they forgot everything in their insane haste to find 'white hopes.'

"As time went on purses grew and grew, and the public paid to see some of the greatest impostors who had been foisted on them by a Press that was working overtime in producing sensational tales, which all went towards building up the big-gate craze.

"Any foreign 'ham,' so long as he was big in the feet and body, was hailed as a world-beater. The public, being diddled, handed out good money for these great 'hams' to become wealthy at the expense of the fight game.

"If the truth were written about most heavy-weights, there would be little or no interest in them, and this, if it were carried out, would do a hell of a lot of good for real boxing.

"For myself, I should not care a rap if every heavy-weight dropped out of the game to-morrow. I think the boxing game would be better off without them. It is only a matter of time when the little boys will come into their own again, and then we shall see real boxing."

### CHANCE FOR "LITTLE BOYS."

Let us hope that the prophecy expressed in the last sentence of Lucas's letter will work out to be correct. Until it does, there is not likely to be any revival in really skilful boxing. The genuine boxing enthusiasts of a couple of generations ago expressed the fear that commercialism would kill boxing, and they were not far wrong.



The remedy is in the hands of the public, but the remedy is scarcely likely to be applied unless the public is educated to understand what is and what is not real boxing.

At the end of the 1914-18 war, when there was plenty of easy money to be picked up, any big chump that was capable of slinging boxing gloves was hailed as a near champion and given prominence out of all proportion to his worth.

That was one of the reasons why Georges Carpentier was able to amass another fortune, when by all the laws he should have been in retirement, for he had by then left his best a long way behind him.

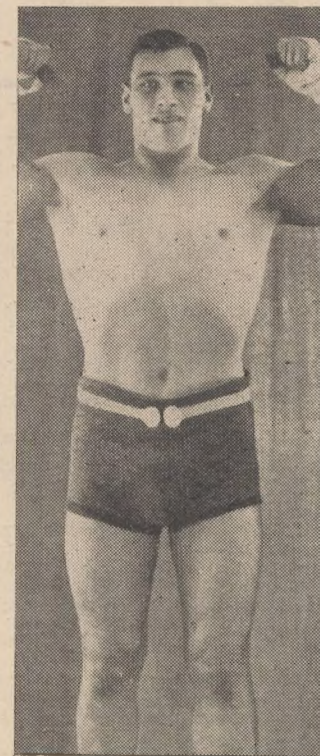
Carpentier had as much world-wide publicity as any of the really great champions, nay, more than they ever received, yet he was not by a long way one of the great champions.

### STAR IN SETTING.

There is no gainsaying the fact that Carpentier was a good boxer in his day, but he was not at his best when he fought heavy-weights. He was at his best as a welter-weight and a middle-weight.

After that his decline set in;

## THE BIG HAMS MADE MONEY



## AMBLING ALP CARNERA

yet, strange as it may sound, he did not set the world on fire until he found it easy to topple over so many of the heavy-weight mugs that the promoters saw fit to foist on a gullible public with plenty of money to spend.

This was sheer luck for Carpentier. Had he been a lighter man and thus had been compelled to fight, say, top-notch welter-weights, he would not have had much success. The only heavy-weight of class he met was Jack Dempsey, and it took only four rounds for Dempsey to knock him out and show that, as a heavy-weight, the Frenchman was not a champion.

How the ghosts of the real old champions must have stirred when they knew (as ghosts are presumed to know) that the gate receipts at the fight be-

tween this pair reached the enormous sum of 1,626,580 dollars; well over £325,000.

Even after this the Frenchman continued to collect more easy money in England for staying a few minutes in the ring. The heavy-weight bubble had yet to be pricked.

### BEST OF THEM ALL.

The most skilful boxer of recent years was, without a doubt, Jim Driscoll. All in good time, I will have something to say about this great figure of the ring, but for now suffice it to say that he never figured in any fight involving huge sums of money. The biggest purse he ever fought for would just about meet the demands of a couple of heavy-weight chumps for training expenses. You see, Driscoll was only a feather-weight, that is, 9st., and that is where the big difference comes in.

When he died a few years ago he was financially little better than a pauper, and it could not be of any satisfaction to him that many thousands of people lined the streets of Cardiff for his funeral.

This is a funny old world of ours, where values are all wrong. It may always have been so for all we know, but that is no reason why everyone should not each do his share towards getting things in their right perspective, if that is at all possible.

There was also a great feather-weight of other days whom the old-timers placed on just such another pedestal as Driscoll. This was Young

opinion of Driscoll, whom he had not up to that time seen in action in the ring.

In due course old man Hales saw Driscoll perform, and, as was only to be expected, he was full of praise. He told me that he agreed Driscoll was as great a boxer as Griffo, and was, if anything, a trifle more polished in his style. Believe me, Driscoll's performance was the very poetry of boxing.

### KNOW REFEREE'S COUNT.

The fate of Griffo was sad. He was a newsboy belonging to the "Rocks" district of Sydney when first he attracted attention by his natural speed and dexterity. He was taken to Larry Foley, the great pupil of Jim Mace, and Larry at once saw the possibilities in this rough diamond. The old master turned him into the finished product, and he felt well rewarded by Griffo's fame.

I have been told that Griffo was the merest child in all matters outside the ring. Being entirely uneducated in the scholastic sense, he was unable to count beyond ten.

It may be imagined just what proportion of the purses he fought for actually came to his pocket. One who knew him told me that so long as he had ten dollars in his pocket, a bottle of rum, and a bunch of bananas, he was as happy as a king.

It was the rum that brought him back to the gutter. Had he been properly cared for he could have returned to his native Australia with a nice bank balance and would have been able to live in comfort for the rest of his life.

### A RUM FINISH.

As it was, he was never able to get back to Australia, and in between periods of being rescued by the Salvation Army and other organisations, generally referred to as "sob-sisters" in the United States, he drank himself into imbecility and was found dead in a common lodging-house without a cent in the world.

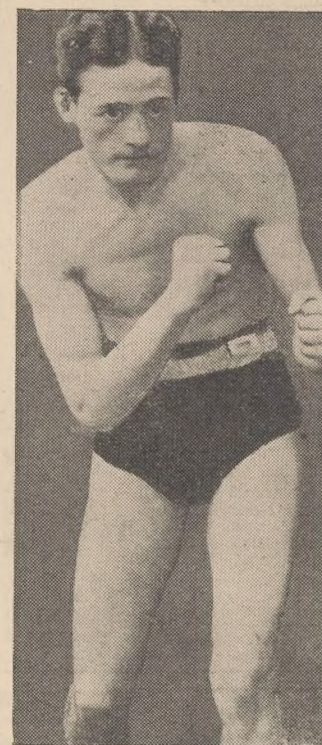
And Griffo had beaten all the best boxers the world had seen in the feather-weight and light-weight divisions.

## STARVED



## YOUNG GRIFFO

## BUT WE—



## PEERLESS JIM DRISCOLL

Griffo, otherwise Albert Griffiths, of Sydney, Australia. I had been so accustomed to hearing the old fellows talk with bated breath of the extraordinary skill of Griffo that I wondered how he compared with our own Jim Driscoll.

One of the many admirers of Griffo was A. G. ("Smiler") Hales, author of the McGlusky stories, and a very good judge of a boxer. After he had expounded at length on the subject of Griffo as the cleverest boxer he had ever known, I asked him to give me his



# In a glass, darkly

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ

"YES," said Father Brown, "I know what the murderer looked like. That's the only thing I do know. I can almost see him as he came in at the front door, in the gleam of the hall lamp; his figure, his clothes, even his face!"

"What's all this!" exclaimed the detective. "He looked like Sir Humphrey Gwynne," said the priest.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Bagshaw. "Gwynne was lying dead with his head in the pond."

"Oh, yes," said Father Brown.

After a moment he went on: "Let's go back to that theory of yours, which was a very good one, though I don't agree with it. You suppose the murderer came in at the front door, met the judge in the front hall, struggling with him and breaking the mirror; that the judge then retreated into the garden, where he was finally shot. Somehow it doesn't sound natural to me. Granted he retreated down the hall, there are two exits at the end, one into the garden and one into the study. Surely he would be more likely to retreat into his study where his telephone was? And his servant, so far as he knew, was in the house. Even the nearest neighbours were in that direction. Why should he stop to open the garden door and go out alone into the deserted side of the house?"

"But we know he did go out of the house," replied his companion, puzzled, "because he was found in the garden."

"He never went out of the house, because he never was in the house," said Father Brown. "Not that evening, I mean. He was sitting in that bungalow. I read that lesson, in the dark and at the beginning, in the red and gold stars across the garden.

They were worked from the hut; they wouldn't have been burning at all if he hadn't been in the hut. He was trying to run across to the house and the telephone when the murderer shot him beside the pond."

"But what about the broken palm and mirror?" cried Bagshaw. "Why, it was you who found them. It was you yourself who said that there must have been a struggle in the hall."

The priest blinked rather painfully. "Did I?" he muttered. "Surely I didn't say that. I never thought that. What I think I said was that something had happened in the hall. And something did happen; but it wasn't a struggle."

"Then what broke the mirror?" asked Bagshaw shortly. "A bullet broke the mirror," answered Father Brown gravely. "A bullet fired by the criminal. The big fragments of falling glass were quite enough to knock over the palm."

"Well, what else could he have been firing at except Gwynne?" asked the detective.

"It's rather a fine metaphysical point," answered his clerical companion almost dreamily. "In one sense, of course, he was firing at

## THE MIRROR OF THE MAGISTRATE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

Gwynne. But Gwynne wasn't there to be fired at. The criminal was alone in the hall."

He was silent for a moment, and then went on quietly. "Imagine the looking-glass at the end of the passage, before it was broken, and the tall palm arching over it. In the half-light, reflecting these monochrome walls, it would look like the end of the passage. A man reflected in it would look like a man coming from inside the house. It would look like the master of the house—if only the reflection were a little like him."

### Who is it?

He wrote an "Elementary Treatise on Determinants" and a "Syllabus of Plane Algebraic Geometry." He also wrote the most famous of all children's stories, about a little girl, and a rabbit, and a hatter, and a lizard, and a dormouse, and a woodworker, and a walrus. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

- What is the only large animal which is said to be unable to swim?
- Who wrote (a) New Worlds for Old, (b) Brave New World?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, Edward Elgar, Charles Dickens, John Keats.
- What was the name of Brutus's wife?
- Who said, "The cricket on the hearth"?
- What was the Christian name of Little Lord Fauntleroy?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Habitat, Hebetate, Linament, Naive, Probosis, Reboant.
- How many bones are there in a man's spine?
- Who was Lord Dunsyre?
- Correct the misquotation, "And then my heart with rapture fills, And dances with the daffodils." Who wrote it?
- Wireless telegraph was first applied to ships in 1882, 1892, 1902, 1904, 1906.
- Spadille is another name for—what?

"Stop a minute," cried Bagshaw, "I believe I begin—"

"You begin to see," said Father Brown. "You begin to see why all the suspects in this case must be innocent. Not one of them could possibly have mistaken his own reflection for old Gwynne."

"Orm would have known at once that his bush of yellow hair was not a bald head. Flood would have seen his own red head, and Green his own red waistcoat. Besides, they're all short and shabby; none of them could have thought his own image was a tall, thin, old gentleman in evening dress. We want another, equally tall and thin, to match him. That's what I meant by saying that I knew what the murderer looked like."

"And what do you argue from that?" asked Bagshaw, looking at him steadily.

The priest uttered a sort of sharp, crisp laugh, oddly different from his ordinary mild manner of speech.

"I am going to base the defence," he said, "on the fact that the prosecuting counsel has a bald head."

"Oh, my God!" said the detective quietly, and got to his feet, staring.

Father Brown had resumed his monologue in an unruffled manner.

"You've been following the movements of a good many people in this business; you policemen were prodigiously interested in the movements of the poet, and the servant and the Irishman."

"The man whose movements seem to have been forgotten is the dead man himself. His servant was quite honestly astonished at finding that his master had returned. His master had gone to a great dinner of all the leaders of the legal profession, but had left it abruptly and come home. He was not ill, for he summoned no assis-

### Answer to Quiz in No. 160

- A cassock.
- (a) Thackeray, (b) Browning.
- February has 28 days; the others have 30.
- Cyril Edwin Mitchinson.
- Shakespeare.
- Carbon.
- Idiosyncrasy, Excel.
- Six.
- Dombey and Son.
- "Sinewy hands." Longfellow, in "The Village Blacksmith."
- 217 B.C.
- Adolfe Sax, in 1846.



Looks almost timid, doesn't it? Something like the domestic rabbit, but, of course, it isn't a rabbit, it's—an Okapi, Patagonian Cavy, Musk Deer, Alpaca, or maybe a Napu. It can only be one of them. Which do you think it is? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 160: Monitor.

## WANGLING WORDS—117

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ERNE, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of BOBS CRYING, to make the name of a popular singer.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAY into EGG, BANK into NOTE, PUSH into PULL, PONY into FOAL.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from FUNDAMENTAL?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 116

- THIRTIETH.
- MASEFIELD.
- DRUM, DRAM, DRAW, CRAW, CROW, CROP, COOP, HOOP, HOOD, FOOD, FOLD, BOLD, BOLE, BILE, FILE, FIFE.
- BIRD, BIND, BINE, LINE, LING, LONG, SONG.
- SEED, SEND, SAND, SANE, SAME, TAME, TIME.
- WINE, LINE, LONE, LOSE, LOST, LIST.
- Cant, Lain, Nail, Tail, Turn, Mail, Main, Rust, Stir, Rats, Star, Lust, List, Last, Must, Mist, Mast, Cast, Cult, Talc, etc.
- Stain, Limit, Tails, Snail, Turns, Trust, Train, Trail, Trial, Start, Tarts, Stair, Strum, Still, Tilts, etc.

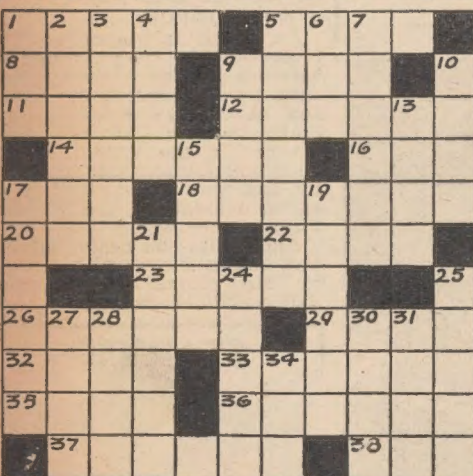
### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in CASTLE, not in KNIGHT,  
My next is in BOXING, not in FIGHT,  
My third is in RIFLE, not in SIGHT,  
My fourth is in FORWARD, not in BACK,  
My fifth is in SCRUMMAGE, not in PACK,  
My sixth is in BASEBALL, not in STRIKER,  
My last is in ROUTE-MARCH, not in HIKER.

(Answer on Page 3)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

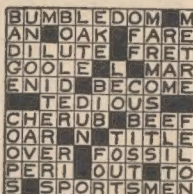


### CLUES ACROSS.

- Indian province.
- Very big.
- As soon as.
- Stable.
- Bathing place.
- Find place of.
- Destroyer.
- Edge.
- Pond.
- In a sluggish way.
- Palm.
- Wasps' abode.
- Hold forth.
- Delights in.
- Smoke-duct.
- Are not water-tight.
- Be agreeable to.
- Except.
- Got as reward.
- Piece trimmed off.
- Uninteresting.

### CLUES DOWN.

- Shoemaker's tool.
- Tremble.
- Composed.
- Presently.
- Intense.
- Curve.
- Rankles.
- Form of pastry.
- Size of paper.
- Unlevel position.
- Record book.
- Juries.
- Jacket.
- Oven.
- Tree.
- Necessitous.
- Low tide.
- Big East Indies island.
- Alight from jump.
- Employer.
- Go too slow.



## JANE



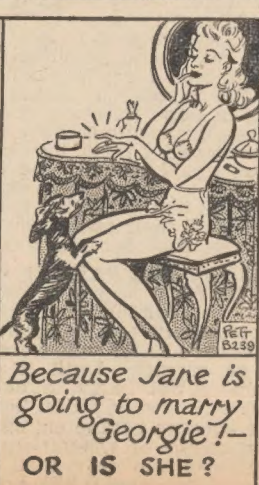
Why is the R.A.F. raving—



The Navy belligerent—



The Army fighting mad?—



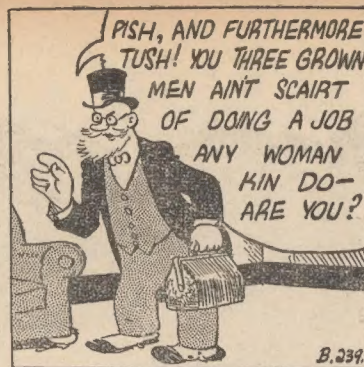
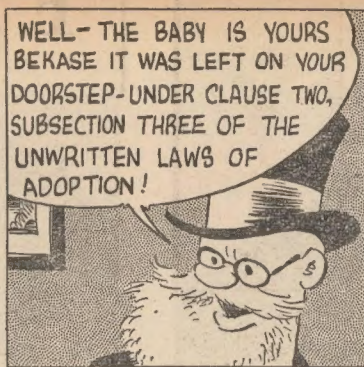
Because Jane is going to marry Georgie!—OR IS SHE?

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

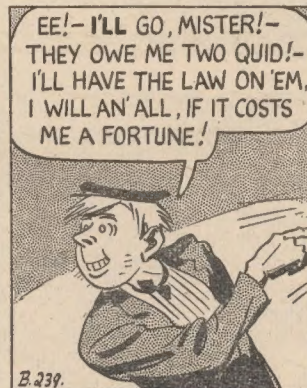
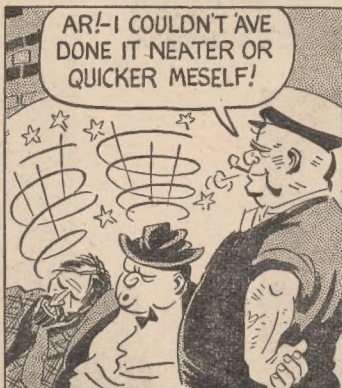
By G. K. Chesterton.  
(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)



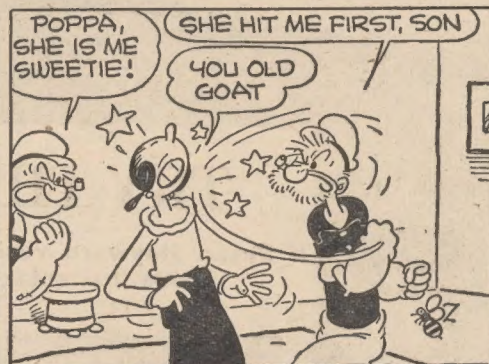
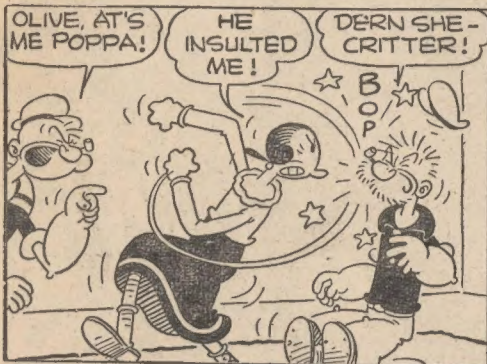
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



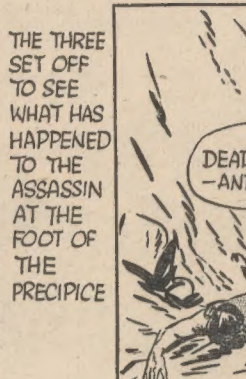
## POPEYE



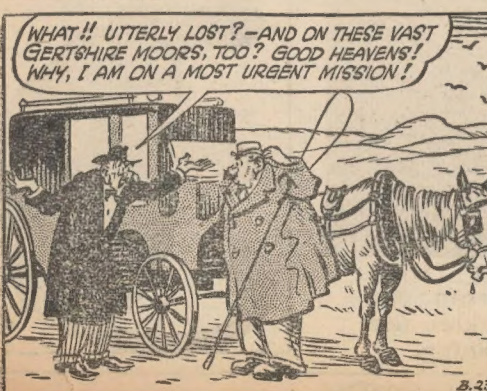
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## News From Nowhere

By ODO DREW

## BLACK MARKET CHARGE.

WHEN the name of Captain Sir John Hawkins was called the other day at the Plymouth Police Court, there was no answer. The charge against him was, according to counsel for the prosecution, being a ringleader in a gigantic black-market scheme. Proceedings were brought by the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Food, jointly.

The prosecution stated that this black-market business was carried out between West Africa and the West Indies. Information had been laid by the Spanish Ambassador, and there was no doubt, he said, that Hawkins had been working on a very big scale.

The Chairman: "What was the name of the Ambassador?"

Counsel: "Don Mendoza."

The Chairman: "I thought the name of the present Ambassador was the Duke of Alba."

The Clerk to the Justices: "That is correct. The only Mendoza I recall was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

The Chairman: "I think we had better adjourn the hearing, and perhaps the prosecution can make further enquiries."

When the case was resumed the following day, counsel for the prosecution asked that the charge might be withdrawn. It now transpired, he said, that the charge did actually refer to proceedings initiated during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Sir John Hawkins, the well-known Devon sailor and shipowner, got into trouble with the Spanish authorities for kidnapping negroes from the West Coast of Africa and selling them to Spanish plantation owners in the West Indies—in fact, it was the beginning of the slave trade. There was some doubt as to which Government Department should bring the formal charge, and, from what he could gather, minutes had been passing backwards and forwards between these departments for some time.

The Chairman: "Some three hundred years, as a matter of fact?"

Counsel: "That is so. As Their Worships knew, there were to-day many temporary Civil Servants, and the file had come into the possession of one of these. In what turned out, now, to be mistaken zeal, he had decided that the charge must be cleared up once and for all."

The Chairman: "I think we ought to know the name of this expert."

Counsel: "I am instructed that it is not the practice of Government Departments to reveal the names of their officers; but suitable disciplinary action has been taken and the person concerned transferred to another Ministry."

The charge was then withdrawn.

## ENGLISH MUSIC.

ATTENDANCES at war-time concerts everywhere have reached a new level. The greatest rush is to hear British music. At a recent British Music Festival in London, the Vague Orchestra (conductor, Smelli Fisch; leader, Moldi Kipper) gave first performances of the following important works: A mazurka, by Solomon Cohen; a cotelette, by Sigismund Shyster; an entrecote, by Hermann Hoffman; a rondola, by Giuseppe Francobollo; and a caviare, by Peter Petrovich. All proceeds went to the Fund for Distressed Balkan Bandmasters.

## FACTORY WORKERS' TOURS.

TO return the compliment paid by men of the fighting Services when they visited munition factories recently, factory workers are now visiting the three Services. After her recent visit to H.M.S. Fifth, Miss Tottie Longsox, who, it will be remembered, was Beauty Queen of Vulture in Parvo, Devon, in 1904, told a "Good Morning" reporter: "Oi just telled the laads as how us as works in factories enjies that work because us knows as how they can't finish the job unless us gives they the tools. Depend on it, Oi telled 'em, us'll do our bit—specially now winter draws on, us'll never let they down. Mind, oi said, oi don't say as how oi wouldn't loike it better to be to home helping mother look after the babbies, but then, granddad has got leaf from the Chelsea Pensioners, and 'e's a great help. Moi eldest sister, her as was going to get married, has postponed it till arter the war."

In reply to a query, Miss Longsox said she had not got a boy-friend. "Not that," she added with a leer, "there weren't many who—". Her pause was significant. Incidentally, Miss Longsox has worked in half-a-dozen factories in different parts of the country, which accounts, probably, for her somewhat cosmopolitan dialect.

## MILITARY INVENTIONS.

IN order to cope with a renewed influx of inventions submitted to the War Office, it has been found necessary to add additional names to the committee which has been working since the outbreak of war. We understand that amongst those who have consented to serve are the Black Prince, John of Gaunt, General Wolfe, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Mr. Max Miller and Mr. Nosmo King. Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer and Mr. Benjamin Franklin hope to be available later.

Answer to WHO IS IT?  
LEWIS CARROLL

Solution to Allied Ports:  
COLOMBO.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"I hate being caught kissing like this. You know, Ann, you ARE awful."



# FISHY?



"Why didn't I bring Mummy's basket? A fellow simply hates showing off like this."



## TRY THE LUCKY DIP?

If Susan Hayward really meant that, Paramount would have to enlarge its swim-pool plenty.



## This England

There's a wind blowing from the sea, and skies are threatening.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's looking black over John-Willie's mother's."

